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DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

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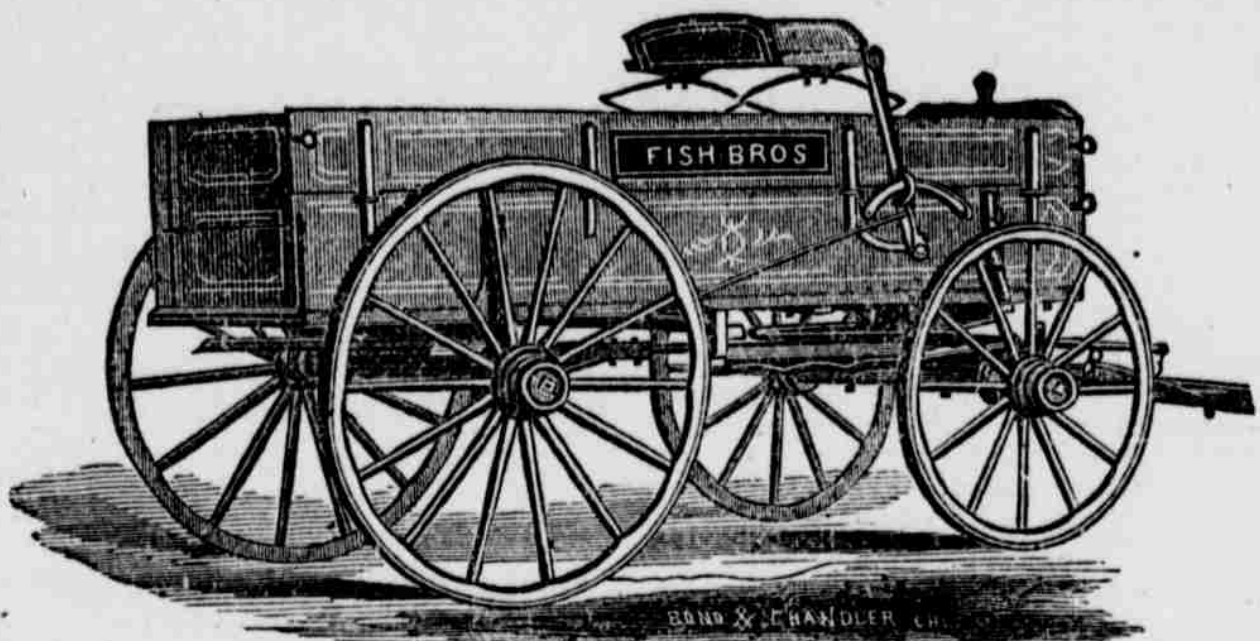
MAYSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1882.

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UNPARALLELED INDUCEMENTS.

Will be offered in the following line of

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The Old Roman Republic.

The age in which Cicero lived politics was no doubt highly interesting, but it did not tend toward the establishment of longevity in those who engaged in it. Well for the politician who was able to call his head his own until he reached middle age. It was not the exciting and at times amusing and pleasant game played in modern times, with ballots and newspapers. Then it was carried on with bludgeons and dirks. Politicians went about the streets clad in mail armor, and followed by clients, as they were called, in crowds, who went armed and were hired for the express purpose of smashing heads and raising riots in the forum and in public assemblages. If the local politicians could not be bought, they were killed. Bribery and murder were the adjuncts of a successful political campaign. Candidates for the Consulships bankrupted themselves and their friends to get the money to be used for bribing retainers and paying thugs and assassians, promising payment when the time should come that, having passed through the Consulship, they should be assigned to the Governorship of the Province, where, by systematic robbery and pillage, they should obtain enough to return to Rome, pay their debts, buy the Judges who should try them in the event that they should be so unfortunate as to be arraigned at the bar of justice (?) as public plunderers by some outraged Province, and still have sufficient left to retire into opulent and honored privacy.

From small beginnings the nation had grown vigorous and strong and valiant, until her name was feared and her arms were as terrible in conflict as those of the iron regiments of Puritans, that Cromwell turned loose upon the continent to vindicate the majesty of England. Always at war, her citizens were her bred soldiers, and thus Rome became pre-eminently a warring and warlike nation. But once during the time of the Republic were the gates of the temple of Janus closed. War had made the Republic great, and war, constant and exacting of life and treasure, sustained her control over her immense dependencies.

The effect of this sort of national education was that the successful military leaders, the Scipios and the Sullas, were worshiped as demi-gods, and vested with authority over the destiny of the nation that no King ever possessed. Their word was law and their will destiny. From the decrees there lay no appeal save to the God of Battle. At the time of the birth of Cicero and Caesar the government was in name a Republic, but it had degenerated into a miserable oligarchy of the worst and most cruel form. There was the Senate composed of patricians, and there was still tribunes, aediles, quaestors, pretors, in name, chosen from the representatives of the people; but they were without authority, other than that little they received through the gracious pleasure of whatever military dictator happened to be in the ascendant. In Cicero's youth the bloody contest between Marius and Sulla had divided Rome into factions, that shed her best blood in causeless and inhuman strife.

The death of Marius who himself had once been dictator, left the absolute control of the government in the hands of Sulla, who had, if not the shadow in the name of King, at least the substance of dominion without it. His wish was law, absolute and unchallenged. Senate consuls, tribunes, judges, all did exactly as he bidden them. He signalized the beginning of his rule by prescribing the lives and property of 5,000 citizens. He ordered them not to be tried for offenses alleged to have been committed, but that they should be slaughtered wherever found, because they had been friends and followers of Marius. It came to be that anyone who desired the life and property of his enemy had but to obtain the placing of his name openly or surreptitiously upon the prescribed list and immediately he was massacred. For nearly a year this fearful carnival continued, and when at last the day came when it was declared the slaughter should cease, the tyrant who had caused it, wiping his bloody lips, sat himself down to arrange and complete a code of laws to govern this Republic; and after engaging three years in this work of legal reform, as he called it, this Republican monster resigned his place as dictator, and was allowed to retire in peace, with honor, to private life—where he engaged himself, when not debauching, in writing his memoirs of which he had just completed the twenty-second volume when he died.

A beautiful Republic, and a fine lot of Republicans surely. The only thing about it Republican was that the nobles and patricians stood an equal, yes, a better chance with the plebeians of losing their heads at the hands of the Republican tyrants. And this is the Republic, and these the Republican institutions that the admirers of Cicero say he was trying to perpetuate and save to the Ro-

man people from the treason of Caesar. —Charles W. Baker in Cincinnati Commercial.

Singular Accidents.

If one wishes to verify the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction" he needs but to carefully examine the files of daily newspapers for a few days. He may select almost any topic, and in a short time he will be able to make a collection of incidents bearing upon it that will prove to be both curious and interesting. To illustrate this fact, take the various ways in which certain persons have been killed or injured during the past year, as described in our columns and in exchanges.

During the flood a steamboat ran against the balcony of a house at Kansas City, Mo., and crushed to death a man who was sitting upon it. James Little, of Canton, Ohio, drank some cold beer, which paralyzed his stomach, resulting in almost immediate death. Two young men in Adair County, Mo., agreed to be photographed with pistols drawn on each other. The artist, while arranging the position of one of the pistols, accidentally discharged it, and the ball entered the lungs of one of the sitters. Thomas J. Wharton, of St. Louis, took up a large oyster and said: "This is the kind of an oyster Walter Brooks choked to death on," tried to swallow it and choked to death. Mike Maroney entered a core oven in a foundry at Pittsburgh, to warm himself. Another workman, not knowing that Maroney was inside the oven, placed a core on the truck, ran it in, closed the door, and roasted him alive. John Thompson and his brother tried to stop a dog fight at Green Ridge, Penn., the latter throwing a stone which, missing the animals, smashed his brother John's skull. John Lafuhuski, of Nanticoke, Penn., broke a bottle of whisky in his pocket, saturating his clothes. He soon afterward lit a match, when his clothes took fire, and he was fatally burned. While on parade at West Point, Lieutenant Archibald Gibson was prevented for a whole hour from lifting his hand to remove a spider from his ear. At the conclusion of the parade his ear was full of blood. The insect was not removed for two days, and Gibson finally died of inflammation of the brain.

A Sheriff's posse surrounded the residence of a desperate thief at Pine Bluff, Ark. The thief jumped from a window and ran for the woods, with a crowd after him, the fleetest of whom, being mistaken by the next fleetest for the thief, was shot by him. As the Rev. Mr. Petrey, of Rock Castle, Ky., was entering his home he was followed by a hen, which perched upon a hanging rifle. The rifle, being jostled out of position, fell, striking on the lock, and was discharged, killing the minister. A boy named Boart, at Dover Court, England, while eating some preserves, swallowed the sting of a wasp and died before he reached the doctor's. Louis Garthwait was lowering a forty-pound torpedo of nitro-glycerine into a well at Rixford, Pa., when the well made a sudden flow, struck the torpedo, and it exploded, blowing him to pieces. A chimney swallow filled the muzzle of a gun of Mr. William Suggs, of Dublin, Ga., with clay, and when he discharged it the weapon blew off his hand. A friend of Lieutenant W. A. Moore at Creedmoor snapped a cherry pit at him, which struck the optic nerve of his eye, causing paralysis and congestion of the brain, and he narrowly escaped death. An old man at Louisville aimed a kick at his wife, but lost his balance, fell, and was fatally injured—a lesson to wife-beaters.

Were a novelist to present such an array of accidents as happening to his characters he would be laughed at, and yet every one of them actually occurred. —Cincinnati Commercial.

The Dream That Frightened a Woman.

A lady in Bath was much alarmed by dreaming that some one was holding her wrist. Vainly endeavoring to scream for assistance, she succeeded at length in whispering just loud enough to awake herself. After a few minutes relief, at being no longer under the influence of the dream, she became conscious that some one was really holding her left wrist, and all her strength was inadequate to release it. Whether to call her hostess or not was easily decided, for her terror rendered her as speechless as she had been before awakening. It could not be that any friend had seized her wrist in sport; it was too rigid a clasp, and had been continued some time, for her left hand was cold and numb. But just as she should be able to speak, in a moment she found the relentless grasp was that of her own right hand, and not easy to withdraw from its own companion, so desperate had become its hold. —Bath (Me.) Times.

A GREAT many marriages are blind bridal affairs. —Steubenville Herald.

The Land Question in England.

The agitation of the land question in Ireland has extended to England and Scotland, and is an agitation that is taxing to its utmost the statesmanship of Great Britain. The lands in those countries are owned almost entirely by lords and noblemen, who inherited them, and have lived extravagantly upon the incomes. The rents paid by tenants were enormously high, and were usually measured by the ability of those who occupied and worked the lands to pay. The rents ranged from \$5 to \$10 per acre, according to location. These enormous rents occupants were able to pay, because of the high prices of agricultural products, but the competition of the United States made farming in the United Kingdom unprofitable, and hence a demand for a reduction in rents, and hence, also, the excitement prevails in Ireland, and which is extending to England and Scotland. Land owners have hoped against hope for years. They tried to persuade themselves that the competition from this country would last but for a season, and under this delusion they tried to maintain high rents. It was a delusion.

The increase in and the magnitude of the exports of agricultural products from this country exceed the most extravagant estimates. The figures for a few articles for 1870 and 1881 compare as follows:

	1870.	1881.
Wheat	\$41,171,229	\$167,693,485
Corn	1,287,475	50,702,669
Provisions	29,175,539	151,528,268
Live animals	1,045,639	16,412,398

The total value of agricultural products exported during the past fiscal year amounted to \$729,650,016. The value of these exports constituted 82.55 per cent. of the entire value of domestic merchandise from the United States. To facilitate these exports the charge for inland transportation in the United States has largely decreased. As railroad facilities between the seaboard and the West have increased, the costs of transportation has diminished.

Thus it is seen the lands of the United Kingdom are brought into close competition with those of the United States; and no more can a farmer in England, Scotland and Ireland pay \$5 to \$10 or \$20 per acre for the use of lands than could our farmers pay such sums less the cost of shipping the products. The lands of Texas, which can be bought outright for \$1 to \$5 per acre, are now, by reason of rapid and cheap transit, in close competition with those of Great Britain. The man who pays a rent of five dollars per acre in the latter, it is therefore perfectly plain, can not compete with the farmer in this country who owns his land. The question, then, is how much can the farmers of the United Kingdom afford to pay? This is to be regulated, not by the wants of landlords, but the cost of delivering agricultural products in that country from the United States. It is manifest, therefore, that the days of colossal incomes from lands in Great Britain are numbered.

The London Times, discussing this contingency, said it would revolutionize English society; and it will. The landlords who spend from \$50,000 to \$500,000 a year will be forced to abandon that style of living, and to adopt what we call in this country republican simplicity. The competition of this country which has revolutionized agricultural interests and cheapened the value of lands in that country is permanent. Our exports may vary with the harvests, but they are always bound to be large, and large enough to insure moderate prices in the English markets. There is no way Parliament could aid the landlords except by putting a duty upon imports; but England is a republican monarchy, and any attempt to tax the bread and meat of the people would shake the throne to its foundations. Landlordism will be modified, if not broken up, and this will prove a good thing for the country and its people. A landed aristocracy is a curse to any people, and it certainly cannot stand up in competition with the landed system of the United States, where those who till the soil own their farms. —Cincinnati Gazette.

Cornish Prayer Meetings.

Many of the expressions used at Cornish prayer-meetings are extremely grotesque. For example, hardly any but a native would understand what a man meant when he prayed that he might be kept "from skirmishing into the holes and corners." This was simply the man's way of asking that he might be kept from doing anything wrong. Again, it is rather trying to one's gravity to hear a man allude to a certain unmentionable personage as "ould smutty face." About the time I heard this remark, and in the same parish, there was a good deal of rivalry between the Dissenting fishermen and those attending the church. The former annoyed the latter intensely by accusing them of praying at their meeting that "the devil might be hanged." Less primitive people would have laughed at such an absurd charge, but our friends regarded it quite seriously, and one of them took occasion to allude to it thus in his prayer: "They have been saying that we prayed that the devil might be hanged!" I mention this to show how unsophisticated these men are. They are wont to be very personal to their prayers. One evening a man brought two of his comrades with him, and in his prayer put forth this petition: "Lord, convert they two men over there in the corner." —London Society.